AT LAST.

The last scene in the tragedy was The last scene in the tragedy was suacted nearly twenty years ago, but
there still linger on a few old men and
women who remember the principal
actors, not at the commencement of the
atory, but at its strange termination.
Sixty years ago the little village of
Wrayton-under-Hill was atartled out of
its usual drowsy round of existence by
attenger disappearance. Young Tom

its usual drowsy round of existence by a strange disappearance. Young Tom Ridgway, the brightest, frankest spirit in the village, as fine and brave a young Englishman as ever one could wish to see, had whispered the old, old story into Muriel Franklin's willing ears, and youth and maid had solemnly plighted their troth to each other under the control of the strange of the strang the fair new moon one evening in June. Muriel was the only child of one of the ycoman farmers of the district, a bluff, hearty, obstinate old countryman, hard-headed as a Scot, soft-hearted as his daughter herself; a man great among his fellows at market or harvest time, but swayed in most other matters by the gently-expressed wishes of wife or

Thee might have looked higher, lass," he said to his daughter, when Tom avowed his love; "the 'Squire self would ha' been glad for thee

to be his wife."
But he said little more as he marked the shadow that crossed his daughter's face at the mention of the 'Squire; be-sides, Tom was in great repute already as a steady worker and energetic mas-ter, and, on the whole, William Frank-lin reflected that he could scarcely hope to give his daughter, or his daughter's ice little fortune, into better hands.

For once the old proverb was con-

tradicted. The course of true love ran smoothly as the River Wraye itself, and as the first signs of winter appeared the farm-house on the hillside was filled with bustle and excitement, for with the new year Muriel was to begin her new life, and although her ne was waiting to receive her, there was much fine sewing to do, and a goodly store of house-linen to be prepared.

The village gossips had a fine time. Mother Andrews, who kept the little general shop in Church row; Dame Martin, primmest and fussiest of school-mistresses; her husband, cobbler on week days, clerk and choir-master on Sundays, and in all capacities as great a gossip as the women; Aunt Muriel, o must needs come to help her goddaughter's preparations—they were all constantly at the farm, made ever welcome by its mistress, who, however impatient she might sometimes feel at the endless talking, always expressed her-

self with gentleness and hospitality.

Tom, as an impatient lover, thought that time had never passed so slowly, and, man-like, could not see the neces sity of the snowy piles of linen which his betrothed displayed with pardon-able pride. He pleaded hard that the wedding should be on his birthday, in the beginning of November, but Mrs. Franklin was firm, and Muriel knew as well as her mother that she could not ready before the end of the year, and she, with her old-fashioned ideas, would as soon have thought of letting strangers sew her house-linen as of marrying before it was all finished and

ready for use.

There was but one shadow upon the brightness of her life at this time. William Franklin had made a guess at the truth when he hinted that she might have aspired to be the 'Squire's wife, ugh she was as modest and unassuming as even her mother could de-sire, she could not but interpret aright the 'Squire's looks and words of admiration, half veiled though they might be, and looked upon, by himself at least, as almost one of his privileges, as owner of her father's farm. to tell, Guy Chester had at first little young beauty. There was such an immeasurable distance between themhe, the polished, cultivated man of the world, known, even among the fine gentlemen of the day, for the keenness of his wit, the merciless satire of his tongue, the cool, well-bred ease of his carriage and manner, and she the daughter of one of his tenants, a simple village beauty. Certainly there could be but little sympathy between these two, and Muriel was always abashed and silent in his presence. Perhaps it was the very contrast between her and the courtly beauty he had flattered all his life that made him think of her so much. At any rate, the 'Squire now learned that his feelings were stronger than he had imagined, and that he was deeply in love almost before he would acknowledge to himself that he felt more than an ordinary interest in the

farmer's pretty daughter.

It happened thus: One fair June evening the 'Squire was strolling by the river-side, idly slashing at the flowers within reach of his cane, the quiet summer coolness lulling him into a reverie. Suddenly he heard the sound of voices, and through the trees discerned two figures. His heart told him who the form in the shadow must be, and his jealous eyes recognized Tom's bold profile against the darkening sky. There was no mistaking the meaning of the scene. He could just hear the murmur of their voices, one earnest and passionate, the other soft and sweet. Then he saw Tom bend and kiss Muriel eagerly many times, and, with a great oath, he turned away, as they came slowly along, arms entwined, in the first sweetness of their acknow-

ledged love.

They knew nothing of the jealous eyes that were watching them; they knew not how the man's cold, calm exterior had been stirred, allowing the dark, turbulent passion of his nature to

assert itself.
Little did Tom think of the deadly peril in which he stood, with the gleaming barrel of a pistol scarce six feet off, hidden in the deep shadow of the copse, nor how it was Muriel herself who saved him from a cruel death. Just as Guy Chester's hand touched the trigger her scarf fluttered from her hand, and, in reaching forward to recover it, she passed between her lover and the hand levelled against his life. She was so near that he could have touched her, and the hand that held the pistol trembled and fell by his side. He stood motionless until they passed out of sight, then flung himself down among the soft grass and ferns, startling the timid hares and sending them off to

The moon rose higher and higher, and looked down with soft pity on the solitary man, alone with his passionate sorrow and anger; the moon went on her way, the chill of the last hour of the night passed through the wood, and in the east a low glimmer of light told

In the gray dawning the 'Squire rose up, his face pale and haggard with his long watch. Stiff and cramped, ex-hausted from want of food and sleep, he found his way home at last, feeling as if he should never be the man he sfore that terrible blow to his heart and his pride. He left the manor the next day, and during the months that elapsed before Muriel's wedding that elapsed before Muriel's wedding one beautiful day in July the father of gentle mother he had lost when he was be was in London, it was supposed, for the heuse was brought home from the duite a child.

Thus it was in everything; Muriel's

of him through the brief di

occasionally forwarded with regard to his tenants or his horses.
"I wonder if 'Squire'll be up for the wedding?" said Mother Andrews on the 31st of December; "he took a sight of notice of the lass last sum-

For husband shook his head. Master Martin said as how the st ward told him this morning the Squire was in London, and wouldn't be here at all for the winter; shouldn't wonder if he was a bit aweet on her himself. But it's naught to me or you, wife, and evil ever comes of a wagging tongue." After this lengthy speed the good man took a vigorous pull a his pipe, while Dame Andrews bustled into the shop to serve little Billy Marin with a farthing's worth of candy for nimself, and two dip-candles for his

"Wrap 'em separate, please," the urchin requested, for he knew the dame was not over liberal with wrappingpaper. At the farm-house Tom and Murie

At the farm-house form and states were spending their last evening together before the wedding. They sat in the deep window-seat, watching the stars through the uncurtained window, and talking happily. Mrs. Franklin was bustling about the room, busied with a hundred little odds and ends of work which must be done before the morrow. Dutifully Muriel offered help, but was sent back to the window with a kiss, and when she saw the tears in her mother's eyes, in spite of the smile on her lips, she went back with her own eyes suspiciously wet, for this, the first and final parting between mother and daughter, wrung both their hearts; and though Muriel looked forward to the morrow as the beginning of her own true life, the entry into Paradise that comes to most of us once in our life, this rather seemed to make her mother's love dearer to her when she was going out from her gentle protection, and parting seemed harder from the very happiness before and after it. The lovers went to the door to hear

the knell of the old year and the glad bells heralding the advent of the new. "To-day, my darling, you will be come mine forever," Tom said, as the bells chimed out clear on the frosty air. "Thus I give you the first kiss of the year," and with tender farewells

he left her.
She stood at the door to watch him out of sight. He went along with his firm, regular step down the path and across the field; at the corner leading into the lane he stopped to kiss his hand for the last time, and Muriel

watched him wistfully, tenderly, for she loved him very much. Far down on the horizon rested heavy bank of cloud; before the morning the north wind had brought it up over the sky, and feathery flakes were falling fast when Muriel awoke in the gray dawning of her wedding morning. Already the household was astir, and soon commenced the merry bustle of getting the bride ready. There was much girlish laughter and a few quiet tears before Muriel came into the parlor in her simple, pure white dress, her beautiful face softened and tender with

downcast eyes.

The little procession wended its way along the path through the snow but just cleared by the sturdy laborers of the farm. Around and within the church door the whole village seemed congregated, and, indeed, all but the very young and the very old had assem-bled to do honor to their acknowledged belle. The green decorations of Christ-mastide were yet fresh and unfaded, and the church was aglow with a sudden ray of bright wintry sunshine as the procession entered the sacred build-ing. There was a hush for a moment

as the sweet old chimes rang out and the hour of 11 sounded from the tower. A stir rose in the doorway, and peo-ple whispered one to another. The ridal party waited a little apart from the villagers, and the old clergyman, who almost thirty years ago had wedwho almost thirty years ago had wed-ded Muriel's mother to the man of her and prosperous these many years." choice, was waiting to do the same for her child. The chimes for the quarter and then for the half hour sound-ed, but still they waited anxiously. The bridegroom was not there. Dame Martin shook her head ominously and whispered doleful words in her neighbor's car; the clergyman talked apart to William Franklin; Muriel, pale and anxious, leaned on her mother's arm. At last twelve strokes

man, his voice subdued and tremulous, there is some mistake; we must have patience, and trust that this mystery nay be unravelled before many hours have passed." Then he placed his hand on Muriel's head, gently smoothing the shining ringlets: "May God comfort

shut up and deserted, and no trace of

the hope of finding Tom or gaining any clew to his fate grew fainter and faint-er, even in Muriel's heart. None but herself knew how dear he was to her. none but herself could understand the bitter grief of the first few months after that sorrowful 1st of January. At first she had confidently expected to hear from or of him; every morning she awoke with the thought, "He may come to-day "; and as the hours passed on she tasted the heart-sickness of might come or that Heaven would in mercy let her die.

Thus the first year was a terrible strain upon her mind and spirit. When the New Year came again her mother's heart ached to see the change so short a time had made. Muriel had always been remarkable for her beautiful warm color and look of health and happiwere even gray threads in her hair, glossy and abundant as of old, no longer suffered to flow in rippling curls, but braided severely round her

dainty, well-shaped head.

She had but the remembrance of a few words Tom had once spoken to keep her from sinking from the wild unrest of disappointed hope into the dull apathy of despair.

They had quarrelled one day about some trifle, and Tom had made his peace with her when he met her in the wood, almost on the spot where they had plighted their troth to each other.

"I wonder if you could ever forget me?" she had said, looking archly up into his face, and she never forgot the tender, loving look on his face as he answered earnestly, holding her hands in his firm grasp:
"My darling, nothing in the world provement.

can part us! I love you so much that

their fulfilment.

and Mrs. Franklin was a widow, and Muriel was fatherless. He had been struck down in the prime of his man-hood. He had left them hale and bearty, with a stronger arm and greater power of endurance than half the young men round, and was brought back to lie motionless and unconscious for two

days, then only to revive to bless them and give them farewell words of love. When the head of the little household was laid to rest in the peaceful, quiet churchyard, within sight of the home where he had lived and died, the two women were almost alone in the world. The farmer was an only with no near kinfolk save his only sister, Muriel's godmother, who now came forward to offer Mrs. Franklin and her

daughter a share in her home. Muriel Franklin had loved her brother much, and she welcomed his dear ones warmly for his sake; besides, she was past the prime of life, and, industrious and energetic spinster as she was, at times, during the long summer twilights or on the stormy winter evenings, when she passed the hours alone with her own thoughts, she felt the need of sym-

pathy and companionship. Before William Franklin had been dead a year his gentle wife was laid to rest by his side, and Muriel was doubly orphaned.

Time passes quickly when hands and brains alike are employed, and for three years Muriel and her aunt lived their peaceful life—a life of days each much like another, but each with its own duties and cares and pleasures.

In all these eight years nothing was heard, either directly or indirectly, of Muriel's lost love. No word or sign that he was alive had reached her, and latterly she seldom spoke of him, for hope was almost dead in her heart, and she learned to think of him as dead, and, perhaps, in company with her father and mother beyond the grave.

It was a glorious Sunday evening at the end of August, and Muriel went to evening service alone; for the first time for many years her aunt was unable to take her accustomed place; a slight fall had resulted in lameness, and, much against her will, she was obliged to rest at home.
Towards the end of the service Mu-

riel noticed that the 'Squire's pew was occupied for the first time for many years. For a moment she wondered if it were possible that the 'Squire had returned, but then she reflected that a stranger in the neighborhood might have entered it, and when, after the service, she walked down the aisle, the pew was empty and the curtains were drawn, as usual. The autumn twi-light spread a golden mist over the waving fields, ripe for the sickle. and the distant hum of insects came subdued and faint through the quiet air. A stillness wholly in harmony with the Sabbath brooded over all. The royal splendor of sunset yet lingered in the west. Far down on the horizon it flamed a clear, bright fire. lligher it passed-that celestial mantle-through all the grades of scarlet and purple; through tawny orange, shading off into mellowest yellow, into that most beautiful tint, so rare in Engthe love that found expression in her lish sunsets, the clearest, brightest, most ethereal shade of transparent green.

and in this was set one bright star. Muriel walked slowly along, her sensitive nature keenly alive to the beauty and restfulness of the time. The glorious strains of the Magnificat sounded in her ears, and she thought surely those words were more than human; surely, if harmony and poetry are of Heaven, that song of praise, wedded to such majestic music, belong to a higher world than this.

Leaning on the stile, in the gray gloom, Muriel discerned the figure of a man; he appeared to be waiting for her, for he came towards her with a step that was strangely familiar.

"Good evening; surely you remember me?" he said, extending his hand. "The 'Squire!" Muriel said involuntarily; then added: "This is a great

"As well as I shall ever be, I sup pose," he answered moodily, and walk-

ed by her side in silence.
"Will you not come in and speak to
my aunt?" she said, breaking the silence, when they reached the gate; so he walked with her into the dim, flower-scented parlor.

As he talked to Miss Franklin, with

more of his old ease and polish of manner than he had before shown, Muriel resounded; the messengers had re-turned. Tom Ridgway's house was to notice the changes which the years to notice the changes which the years had made in him. His hair was very him had been discovered.
"Dear friends," said the old clergyback of his neck with a black ribbon, after a fashion somewhat antiquated even then. His face was deeply lined, as if his life had been hard and his better nature had had sharp conflicts with the evil within him. He was even more handsome than in his youth, Muriel shining ringlets: "May God comfort thought, but there was sometimes a you, dear one, as He alone can, in this restlessness in his manner, and an uneasy motion of his hands when he was excited or earnest, that moved her pity II. strangely. He was a different man from the one she had known—quieter,

sadder, much older in face and mind. After that first Sunday he was a frequent visitor at the cottage, and spent long evenings initiating Muriel into the mysteries of chess. He had deter-mined to render the manor more habitable after his long absence, and dis-cussed all his plans with Miss Franklin and Muriel. Here the older woman's keen sagacity and prudence were invaluable. The 'Squire, anxious as he was for the good of his tenants and the imhope deferred, and at night she prayed in her bitterness of spirit that either he was profoundly ignorant both of the was profoundly ignorant both of the character and extent of the improvements he knew to be necessary in a

general way.
One morning he asked Muriel to walk with him to the manor, to see how the work was progressing, and for the first time he alluded to her wedding-day.

"You still wear his ring. You have not forgotten him in all this time?" he ness, but now her face was pale, and said suddenly, as they paused in the picture-gallery, gently touching her left picture-gallery, gently touching her left hand as it rested on his arm.

"No," she answered quietly; "I shall never forget him; and his ring has never left my hand since he placed it there."

"You are very constant in your love. I wonder if you are as constant in dis-like? I wonder if you could ever for-give a man who had done you an almost mortal injury—an irreparable wrong?"
"Why do you ask me such a strange question? Nobody has ever offended

me as you suggest. I cannot tell in what way any one could offend me be-yond forgiveness." Muriel was startled at his earnest-ness; but he laughed uneasily, and changed the subject by asking her opinion as to whether the removal of an old

tree that obstructed the view from the

dining-room window would be an im-

She said, "Yes, decidedly," a even if the river of death came between us we should meet again at last."

Somehow Muriel afterward looked of it to her aunt, Miss Franklin had upon these words as prophetic, and, in said the 'Squire valued that old tree a dim, upreasoning way, looked for more than any other on the estate, bemore than any other on the estate, be-Thus nearly five years passed, until est memories of his boyhood and of the

nuite a child.

Thus it was in everything; Muriel's it could be; and this, commencing

lightest wish, either uttered or even implied, had the force of law. The 'Squire deferred to her in everything, but so quietly, and with such tact, that she never knew the extent of her power but by its results. Yet, in spite of his constant companionship, in spite of his deference and attention, in spite of all those signs and words that almost any woman, but herself would have interwoman but herself would have interpreted aright, she went on from day to day, never dreaming of the old feelings she had awakened, never thinking how dear she was becoming to Guy Chester. She had given up all thought of love or marriage for herself when Tom Ridgway disappeared; she indeed al-

Ridgway disappeared; she indeed al-most considered the thought of such a most considered the thought of such a thing a desecration, and, as time went on, she never sighed for the home-love she had so sadly missed, though she valued it more highly, if possible, than even that of her early friends who re-joiced in the love of husband and The winter naturally interrupted the

work at the manor, and summer was well advanced before the last laborer finished his work. Muriel had not visited it for some time, and one warm afterroon the 'Squire came to take her over the house now it was completed. "If I have not your approval I shall feel that all the work has been wasted,"

he said, and she wondered a little at blow. ing his eyes, as if she feared to find a hidden meaning there. But even if disposed, she could scarcely have withheld her approval. The work had been conducted with exquisite taste; nodisturbed; there had been no wanton destruction of old ideas or picturesque effects. The only real additions were the conservatories, which were already filled with a wealth of summer blooms Muriel loved flowers, and was well skilled in their management.
"What a Paradise this is already be

coming!" she exclaimed, as they looked down the long vista of green. "I am glad you are pleased with it I have taken especial care to have your suggestions carried out," and the 'Squire, well satisfied, carried her off to have tea on the smooth lawn in front of

After the pleasant meal was over; Muriel went to see the new stainedglass window in the picture-gallery. It looked toward the west, and the long, oak-panelled room was filled with a glory of colored light. Muriel stood the cushioned window-seat and by the cushioned window-seat and watched the effect. In the centre blazed the 'Squire's coat-of-arms, glo-rious in gleam of gold and bravery of color, with the motto below: "In life,

hope."
...I have often been sustained by those words," Guy Chester said, gen tly drawing her down to the seat beside him. "For ten years, Muriel, I have had but one faint hope to cheer me, without which I verily believe I should have died." "For ten years, Muriel, "You loved your home so much,

and yet you stayed away so many years "I loved my home, as you say; but it was not the hope of seeing that which sustained me; I could have returned whenever I wished; it was the far dearer hope of again seeing the woman I loved."

Muriel knew-she could not but know-the meaning of his words; she tried to rise, but he caught her hands and pleaded his cause with impassioned earnestness.

"My darling, you must have how I love you. I have striven to let you see how dear you are to me. Do not let me despair—only give me one word of hope, and I will wait as long as you like. I will accept any condition you may propose, so long as you promise to be mine at last. Muriel, ny dearest love, you cannot tell what I have suffered all this time. I went away because I dared not look upon your happiness. I have suffered much, and done that I would give worlds recall, for love of you. Surely, you will give me the little hope I ask."

He paused, for Muriel was weeping silently; her thoughts flew back, as they often did, to her first lover, and she said, brokenly:
"You are very good. I never thought

of this-if I had but known-"
"Oh, my darling, do not bid me despair!" he interrupted. "I can wait for your answer; I will not urge it now; speak to your aunt before you decide. I will come for my answer tomorrow," and with a long, tender kiss on the hand he had held all the time in his, he left her.

Muriel went home with her brain in a tumult. She was too agitated to think; she could not collect her thoughts nor analyze her own heart. Miss Franklin was at the door, and her quick eye discerned the traces of tears on her niece's face.

"Come in, my dear; I can guess what has happened," she said in her firm, gentle voice, and she listened Muriel told her. Miss Franklin was not taken by sur-prise, she only wondered that the 'Squire had not spoken before, and she espoused

his cause warmly.
"My dear, I cannot think it right that should let your old love stand in the way. You must not waste your life for the sake of one bitter sorrow. "But, aunt, my life is not wasted; I am quite contented and happy with you."

" Muriel, my dear, I do not want you to imagine for a moment that I am tired of your companionship. I do not know what I should do without you, but you must remember that I am not a young woman. In all human probability you have many years of life to live after I have gone. Besides, you must think a little of the 'Squire. He loves you very much, and I fully believe you would be

happy with him." So, by dint of loving counsel and faithful advice, Miss Franklin gained the 'Squire's cause; and in the morning, when he came for his answer, he und Muriel alone, and one glance at her blushing face told him the truth.

"So you have learned to love me at last, my own sweetheart," he said, exultingly; and she answered shyly, her heart filled with sweet content : "Yes, Guy; I love you now, at

IV. For thirty years she was his faithful wife, loving him and caring for him with a beautiful, single-hearted devotion, and at last bade him farewell. She was buried in the stately family vault of the Chesters; and her sorrowful husband, after the funeral, wan-

dered through the house disconsolate, mourning the lost sunshine of his life. They found him next morning kneeling by the window-seat in the gallery, where he had first told his love, his feeble hands outstretched in prayerwas strange in the little village, has-tened to claim his inheritance. While all that was mortal of the 'Squire still kept awful state in the adjoining room, they searched among his papers for a will, and in a secret drawer in his desk they found a sealed paper bearing on the outside a date nearly twenty years

"I love you so much that, even if the river of death came between us, we should meet again at last."

abruptly without title or prefix, is what

"This will not be known until I am dead, when I can no longer care what men say, when the opinion of the world will be absolutely nothing to me. On the 31st December, 17—. I

came back from London unexpectedly. I went to the manor, but my house-keeper was away at some reighbor's house, and I restlessly made up my mind to return to London without making my visit known. I was madly in love, and had been living fast and drinking deeply to drown my sorrow. As I walked moodily along I heard a merry, careless whistle, and my successful rival, Tom Ridgway, turned into the lane a few yards in front of me. He was walking along heedlessly, and ran against me in the darkness. My sullen temper was roused, and I turned with an oath at his carelessness; he was surprised to see me, and not being disposed to quarrel on the night before his wedding, extended his hand with a merry word of greeting. I think the sight of his happiness roused all the evil of my nature. I had been drinking deeply during the early part of the day; my heart seemed filled with haday; my heart seemed filled with hat tred of the bright young fellow beside me, and with another oath I raised my clenched fist and struck him a cowardly " He fell heavily, stunned, and struck his head against a stone. The red stream of blood recalled me to myself. I

tried to rouse him, tried to make him drink some of the brandy I had fallen into the habit of carrying with me, but all to no purpose. A horrible fear seized me. I tore open his shirt and tried to discern the beating of his heart, but my hand was tremulous, and I could not steady it sufficiently to feel any motion, and in despair sank down beside him. It had commenced to snow some time before, and this deadened the sound of apwith the costume. VELVET BONNETS. proaching footsteps until I dimly saw the figure of a man co ning toward me. In the instant of time that elapsed before I was discovered, the consequences of the deed I had done flashed cross my mind. I was a murderer.

and the penalty of discovery was death. With a throb of relief cognized my own confidential ser-vant. I hurriedly explained, 'There has been an accilent; this man has had a bad fall; his head must be looked to at once. Peters was a man of few words, he seemed to know how affairs stood, and by his direction I stanched the flow of blood from Tom Ridgway's head, and bound it up with my handkerchief. Then we carried him to a little cottage belonging to Peters, where we passed the night, and in the morning started for London. It took us several days to get there, as we were compelled to travel slowly, and all the time, although he was alive, the sufferer never regained consciousness.

"The London physician shook his head. 'It is only a question of time. I can give little hope of his recovery.' Like everybody else, he believed the story we told of a fall from a horse. He had no reason to doubt-such accidents were common enough. Peters and myself alone knew the truth, and he only knew a part, for he believed the injury had been inflicted in a fair fight. He did not know I had struck down a

defenceless man.
"The agony I suffered during those terrible days was unspeakable. At one moment I was buoyed up by the hope that he would recover, and then my reason reasserted itself, and I sank into such utter despair that the idea of suicide began to take possession of my mind. Waking and sleeping, the thought haunted me. I pictured to myself with horrible reality every detail of my own self-murder. I imagined what people would say when they found my body. Again and again I rehearsed the scene with the minute fidelity of a morbid imagination, until I was little more than | broad ones, narrow, medium, and a

"One evening Peters told me that Tom Ridgway had been craving to see me for some time, and the physician thought it would be better to gratify his wish. Much as I shrank from seeing the man I had injured, I could give no reason for refusing that would not, I imagined, arouse suspicion.
"Tom Ridgway raised himself in the

bed when I entered the room, and I was startled at the change in him. His head was enveloped in white bandages, and his face as ghastly and drawn. But it was his eyes that attracted me. He looked at me with a vacant, terrible stare—such a look as one might see in the eyes of a corpse that had been startled back to life by some dread summons. Even now, after so many years, I sometimes start from my sleep with a cry, imagining that I again en counter that unearthly gaze; even now I feel the thrill of horror that ran through me as I approached the bed. He spoke to me rapidly, eagerly, in a low voice, but with distinct utterance.

... I have waited for you a long time. You have come at last-just in time. Promise-promise!' He clutched my hand with his fingers and directed upon me that unceasing gaze. ' Promisepromise! ' he repeated, and, feeling as if under some strange magnetic influ-ence, I said breathlessly:

... I will promise whatever you desire.' ... Promise that you will never tell what has happened; promise on your soul that you will never reveal this to any living being—to any creature in the world.'

"He held me with superhuman strength. Still his eyes looked into mine. Faint and exhausted, I said

" I promise." "His hands relaxed their hold, he fell heavily back, and a gray shadow

crept over his face. He was dead. "The physician said he died deli-rious, and I did not contradict him. I have never breathed to living soul the thing I promised to keep my secret, but it has embittered my life. Many, many times have I striven to gain courage to confess all and rid my mind of the herrible incubus; but that dread scene has risen before my eyes, and the dead man himself seems to have ordained that I should bear the burden of my secret crime to the end of my life.

"I have nothing more to write, but, after I am dead, whoever discovers this can test the truth of this confession. We brought the body away from London as secretly as we conveyed the dying man thither, and at dead of night Peters and I opened the vault of the Chesters, and there, if you would veri-fy this, you will find the coffin of Tom Ridgway, the man I killed."

They did verify the story when the Squire himself was taken to the vault, and they found the rough coffin, without name-plate or mark of any kind, and they did not disturb it. All the actors in the scene had gone before the highest tribunal, for Peters died before the 'Squire returned from his wanderings, and nothing could be gained by making the story known. So few even of the inhabitants of Wrayton-under-Hill knew the true version, nor how, after so many years, Tom Ridgway's words were fulfilled:

FOR THE LADIES.

SOME FALL FASHIONS.

There is no article of feminine attire that appeals more directly to a woman' heart than becoming headgear, and the first consideration after a return from sea-side or mountain resort is to replace the defaced and faded representative of what was a charming summer hat or bonnet. The modistes and importers have been busy during the season past, and a most bewildering array of fabrics and endless novelties are ready for inspection. Although too early for autumn openings it is not too soon to note the coming styles in materials, shapes, etc. and to tell what will be worn. The bonnets are small and narrow, the sides very close to the head, with a small crown of the horseshoe shape. In many of the imported bonnets these crowns are made entirely of beads, and the new rosary wooden beads, plum, steel, jet, or copper being used. In others the shape is only outlined with the beads, the edges being finished to correspond. The front edges of the bonnets are very full; they are not in-tended to rest flat upon the hair, but are raised by a beaded cornet or by a puff of velvet, which is very high in the middle and close on the sides. The trimming is massed up high directly upon the top, and increasing in height

toward the back.

Felt bonnets are the first choice for the early autumn. The most fashionable of these are trimmed with ribbons alone—a severe style, but becoming to youthful faces, and one that require the skill of a finished modiste to arrange artistically. The heavy repped ribbons are most popular, either of the same color as the bonnet or of a pretty contrasting shade selected to harmonize

Velvets are to be the popular choice for bonnets. Never have these been shown in such a variety of colorings and styles; plain and embroidered, shaded, striped, beaded, and repped form some of the varieties. Plush is also to be used both for trimming and entire bonnets and hats. The greatest novelty is embroidered cloth. This can be ntilized for bonnets to wear with any wool costume, but is especially designed

Tinsel is a prominent feature in all fabrics prepared for bonnets; gold is not as much seen as it has been, copper, silver, and lead being foremost. They are not as glaring as gilt and will be more generally popular. There are also novel metallic combinations, such as gilt ribbon studded with small lead, copper, or jet beads, with larger faceted

are par excellence to be the costume for

eads at the edge.

A novel feature in the new styles for millinery is the combination of wool and silk. There are ribbons with alternate stripes of wool, plush, and satin others show a velvet stripe and one o woollen lace, in which a gilt thread is introduced. Feathers are in endless variety; quills, ostrich-tips, and fea-thers of every known and unknown bird are shown. Large birds are also to be worn, black birds, swallows, and sca-gulls being the most sought after. NEW FABRICS.

New fabrics for costumes are daily appearing. The success of canvas for imer gowns has caused the manufacturers to bring out a wool material suitable for winter wear. At a first glance one would imagine it was a thin texture, with a lining of a darker or contrasting shade. Such, however, is not the case, the two apparently distinct surfaces being woven together. This a solid color. Stripes are shown There are in endless variety.

mere cluster of threads, with a single stripes on grounds of a totally different nature. These are also made up with plain material, combination costumes continuing quite as popular as they have been. Colored velvets with shot and shaded stripes are very desirable inbries; the new Bayadere veloutines are also popular. Veloutine is a thick, off, largely-repped silk, which has the effect of terry velvet. It drapes grace-fully, and would retrim a plain dress so as to be unrecognizable, as they are

stylish and novel.

Gowns imported from Paris are remarkable for the manipulation of stripes, which are certain in some parts of the gown to be placed vertically. The skirt is of plain goods, or if very much desired by a young girl the stripes are used horizontally, but the overskirt, which falls in heavy pleats at the back, in front is caught into the waistband, forming a diagonal apron, and beneath is another apron cut on the cross.

Judging from French gowns, the arm-holes are once more to be puffed, and to make the draping of skirts perfeetly successful they are first sewn to the waistband straight all round and then literally cut with scissors on the stands, so that they are short here and long there, as required. The most successful treatment is where the up-per drapery is short on the hips and falls in a frill-like fashion, produced by

A style of dress coming in vogue for evening costume for winter and likely to be adopted by the ultra-fashionable is composed of the richest brocade and gold and silver stuffs. The back is a redingote, falling in thick, heavy folds, and lying well on the ground. The bedice is close-fitting at the back, but in front, from shoulder to hem, it forms a straight piece on either side over a fines the front, but the lace is shaped for the bodice and is fastened up over the belt when it is secured. There is a large sash at the side. The linings are all perfumed.

FASHIONS FOR CHILDREN. Children are wearing kilted Mother Hebbards, made of flannel both striped and plain.

It is not unusual now to sew handsome lace of very light texture to the upper part of the glove, so that it will easier reach the shoulder. White cloth costumes handsomely

bordered with Russian sable-fur are promised for winter carriage costumes. Ordinary white cloth gowns will be worn late in the season and will prove attractive house-wear during the winter. There are several novelties in crepe

they are reserved for afternoon and evening wear and are seldom worn in the street. Many of these ruches have embroidered edges finished off with small pearl beads and some in pale blue, pink, violet, and delicate yellow, as well as in the ordinary cream color and white. The colored ruches look unusually effective when used as trim-ming for pale-colored satins, brocades, and tulles, and it is now considered more elegant to use a ruche the shade of the gown instead of the ordinary white so long in fashion.

Patent-leather shoes are fashionable for the house, cut very low and secured by a black ribbon across the instep. With these only black stockings are worn, although occasionally dark blue

or green are used with toilettes of thes colors. Black stockings are preferred, except the toilette be of some very pale color or white, and even then black is used if the stockings do not match ex-

actly.

Travelling dresses will be much needed this month. These costumes are invariably of woollen goods. They are very popular trimmed with velvet. This can be used elaborately, of piece goods or merely in rows of ribbon velvet put on in place of a galoon, with cuffs, vest, and collar of the solid. Many costumes have a cape of velvet added to them.

JACKETS. Every class of jacket is in vogue, ome having the appearance of an open paletot, worn over a well fitting waistoat. The jersey cloth bodice is too convenient a corsage to be easily relin-quished, and will be much worn, but lways richly braided, as the plain, untrimmed jerseys are justly condemned.

Almost all of them now have vests of

a contrasting color.
Great discretion will be needed by he wearers of horizontal stripes. They are becoming to very tall and slender figures, but when adopted by ladies of medium or low stature they are apt to give too rotund an appearance, an effect which can only be remedied by the draperies of the tuniosfalling over and obliterating the lines in parts, so that they are nowhere seen in their full extent from the waist to the edge. A new costume is made of horizontal stripes, combined with plain goo is.

as follows: A plain full skirt of blue

gros-grain, with horizontal bands in two hades of nasturtium color, a dark rich brown in the centre, and dark gold color on each side of it. The tunic is of blue woollen net-work material, full and draped, but short on the left side, and terminating in a long-pointed from the right side of the tournuse, and the two are knotted together below the hip on the right side, the pointed ends being tipped with yellow and brown tassels. At the back is a long full drapery of the wool. The tight-fitting jacket is of silk, bordered with a colored band resembling those on the skirt. It Miss NELLIE DUSTMAN, Director Plano, Thorough Essas and Harmony, Miss LIZZIE E. ARBUCKLE, Vocatization s cut square on the chest and the right front crosses over and is fastened on the left side. From this point the jacket opens again, showing a chemisette woollen net cut with the tunic. The sleeves and neck are trimmed with a colored band in the for the embroidered cloth dresses that

A BSOLUTELY PURE.

SHE A A K HIND HO & SHE A A FK HIND HO & TO O WWW DES RECEIVED TO THE PROPERTY OF THE P

THE STUNNER. OUR LEADER AT \$2.75.

We offer a large and attractive assortment BOYS' SCHOOL SUITS.

ves 4 to 13, with KNEE-PANTS and OATS made platted back and front, or aln. These suits are worth \$4.50-almost suble our price. You won't find them any-here in Richmond outside of THE AMERICAN CLOTHING COMPANY. In the short Knee-Pants division, we show

w tremendous carriers. SCHOOL AND DRESS PANTS.

two special lines in an ALL-WOOL KNEE-PANTS SCHOOL SUIT for boys from four to thirteen. They are good and guaranteed extra strong and durable, of their suits at these mess of the latest fall styles, from \$5 to \$12.50.

In LARGE BOYS' SCHOOL AND DRESS SUITS our assortment is very large and extremely attractive, the sizes running from thirteen to seventeen years.

in school, suits we are showing a tiptop good article in extra-wove C meres at \$5.50, \$6, \$6.50, \$7, \$7.50, \$8-these being made up to stand amount of wear and tear, besides heat, stylish, and in attractive patt-EXTRA FINE DRESS SUITS we show

show all the popular woollen fabrics of the day, including Cassimers, Cork-screws, Worsteds, and Dagonals in nobby fall styles, in all shades and pat-terns, at prices from \$1040 \$22. YOU WILL FIND

THE AMERICAN CLOTHING COMPANY headquarters for everything in BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.

New fall styles in MEN'S and YOUTHS' SUITS and FURNISHINGS. M. BENDHEIM & BROTHER, se 13

EDUCATIONAL.

M cGUIRE'S SCHOOL, GAMBLE'S HILL RICHMOND, VA. JOHN P. MCGUIRE, W. H. BOCOCK, B. A., B. L. Professor Hasseleff, Charles Pur-ran, C. E., B. Sc. Twenty-first session begins SEPTEMBER 22, 1885.

22, 1885.

MRS. McGUIRE'S (PREPARATORY)
SCHOOL
(In same building).
MRS. JOHN P. McGUIRE.
Organization and discipline in Mr. McGuire's charge. Fourth session as above.
Circulars of schools in bookstores or at
309 SOUTH THIRD STREET.
sc 12-Sa.Tu.Th.Su.Tu.5t\*

UNIVERSITY SCHOOL, PETERSBURG, VA.—The twenty-first annual
session begins the FIRST MONDAY IN 90TOBER. Thorough preparation for Unitersity of Virginia and United States Mintary and Navai Academies. Highly recommended by the faculty of the University
of Virginia. Full staff of instructors. Papils uniformly successful. Situation healthful. Early application advised as the muniber of boarders is strictly limited. For
catalogue address

M. GORDON McCABE.

PAMPATIKE MALE ACADEMY

The eighteenth session of this school will
confusence on the FIRST MONDAY IN
OCTOBER, For circulars apply to
COLONEL THOMAS H. CARTER.
Manquin Post-Office,
an 6-codtCel King William county.

SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES

SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES

AND LITTLE GIRLS, by the MISSES

BOCKIUS, 703 cast Franklin street.

The coming session of this School will begin, D. V., SEPIEMBER LIST, Frensh taught by MADANE GUILLAUME; Latie and Music by competent instructors, se 3-Th.Su &Tatoel\*

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY, BALTIMORE, MD.

Statements respecting the methods and courses of instruction will be sent on application. The next term begins OCTOBER 1, 1888. |y 4-Sul3t

TAX-PAYERS, IMPORTANT. AM PREPARED TO FURNISH taxes COUPONS with which to pay the same at a LOW FIGURE. Sufficient credit given purchaser to enable him to recover from the State before payment for the coupons. WILLIAM L. ROYALL.

EDUCATIONAL. MRS. CAMM'S SCHOOL FOR will reepen on THURSDAY, September 24th, at 110 south Third street. For terms

and further particulars as circulars a West & Johnston's, se 19.20,22.24 26-5t TINIVERSITY SCHOOL, No. 110 NORTH EIGHTH STREET.

The twenty-first session of this school will begin THURSDAY, September 24th.
CHARGES FOR THE SESSION: Elementary English and Mathematics. \$400 Higher English and Mathematics. 744 -Latin, Greek, Ferenci, German, each. 144 Clergymen's sons. 50 176 a boy studies more than two of these languages, no charge is made for the third languages, no charge is made for the third and fourth.

For two or more boys from the same family a deduction of \$10 will be made from each bill over sec.

I syments as follows: Ten dollars, the day of entraince; the balance in three, six, and mine months from the 18th day of Sepiember, 1885.

Circulars at the bookstores.

ber 1885.
Circulars at the bookstores.
THOMAS H. NORWOOD, Principal
se 16-1m No. 114 north Eighth street RICHMOND COLLEGE.

SESSION BEGINS THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1885.

Opening Address in the Chapel at 8 P. M. by DE A. B. BROWN, Professor of English. Full corps of professors, best aids and in Full corps of professions, the market of incertives to study, thorough course of instruction, and any number of special
courses. Entrance-fees and tutton, \$-7.50
for entire assiston.

For further information call at chairman's office (College building Broad-street
front) from 5 to 7 P. M., or address by mail
H. H. HARKES.

Chairman of Faculty.

MISS JULIET LEE

e coming session opens SEPTEMBER, with the following officers and teach-

Tresident of the Board of Trustees.

From the Hours of Hours sar College). German, Mathematics, and History. Madame C. GUILLAUME (native of

Principal's office hours from 9 to 10 A. M.

COLLEGE. 1301 MAIN STREET.

MR. AND MRS. ENGLISH'S SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES AND LITTLE GIRLS.

707 EAST FRANKLIS STREET.
The next session begins SEPTEMBER 21. 1885. For circulars apply at the bookstores, or to Stores, or to Mrs. JESSIE GORDON ENGLISH, 80 23-1m

The ninth session of this school will open on the FRST TUESDAY IN OUTGOISE, 1885, and close on the last day of June, 1886. Situated two miles west of Salem in a picture-gue and healthy counter. Curriculum includes Latin. Greek, French Mathematics, and the usual English branches. School limited to eight bearders. Termine for beard and further, from \$154 to \$172. Apply for circulars to 10th DABNEY, A. M., and 3 dSuńswitchel Salem, Va.

HANOVER ACADEMY, VA.,

Coloned H. P. JONES, M. A., U. of Va., ) Major Honack W. Iones, (U. of Va., ) Rey, L. B. Wharrison (F. of Va., D. D.

Session begins SEPTEMBER 30cm, and endsJune 25th. Catalogues sent on application, jy 23-endtdel DICHMOND SEMINARY.

The thirteenth session of this BOAR Ste. AND DAY-SCHOOL FOR YOU ADJES WILLDEIN SEJTEMBER 21, 18 KINDLEGARTEN DELTARIMENT & WILL OUTUBER 187 Under the MAINS ent of Miss Virginia R. SNYDER WILL LEDNE WILLDEIN WILL ment of Moss Virscinia R. SSYDERI whose well-known success in this, her specially has reliablished the great value of specially has reliablished the great value of special system. We refer, by permission, to-come of her patrons—viz. Mrs. Jeseph fityan John A. Charmagham, Esq. principal Madeson School Mr. Alexander Cameron, Mrs. Robus Carpenter, Dr. Landon B. Edwards, Mrs. Buylie Moore, Charles U. Williams, Esq. Mr. John P. Bramer, This department, although distinct from the rest of the School, is under the rement supervision of the Principal, and forms a part of the Primary Department.

Apply for estalogue at the bookstores of treather Principal.

MISS BENTLEY'S SCHOOL, No. 101 rast Main Sther, The next session will begin on MoNAY, SKRIENING J. 1885.

MISS FLORENCE M. WARWICK will form a LATIN CLASS in the school.

School W. A. CADEMY OF THE VISITATION,

A CADEMY OF THE VISITATION, MONTE MARIA. BOARDING- AND DAY-SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.
No. 2209 Grace street.
au 25-d2wateost2w

EPISCOPAL HIGH SCHOOL,
NEAR ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA
L. M. BLACKFORD, M. A., Principal, Sersion opens SEPTEMBER 23, 1885. Catalogues sent. 19 17-cod10 w

PARK SEMINARY, RICHMOND, VA.—BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES AND MISSIS. Orens in the new building, 810 Park avenue SEPTEMBER 1170. Caratogues at bookstores. JOHN C. PETTUS, M. A., an 23-SUTU-AFTIN. S. SQUIRE'S CLASSICAL AND ENGLISH SCHOOL.
corner of Sixth and Frankin streets will be resumed SEPTEMBE 21.1885.
Terms per session [Sayabia quarterly in advancer: Preparatory Cass. \$49; other randes from \$50 to \$72; Latin, Greek, French, or German, each \$15. Circulars on application at school-rooms.

MRS. COLSTON'S AND MISS DANIEL'S SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES AND LITTLE GIRLS 709 KAST FRANKLIN STRIKET. This school will be removed from 710 east Grace street and will open SEPTEMBER 24, 1885. The principals are enabled by this move to afford the pupils fine, large, any school rooms.

For circulars apply at the bookstores, se 2-WaSutOct

MRS. SYLVANUS REED'S BOARD-ING. AND PAY-SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES. Nos. 6 AND 8 EAST FIFTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.—The un-precedented interest and schoarship in this school during the past year have justified its progressive policy and the rule of secur-ing in every department the highest qual-ity of teaching which can be obtained. TWENTY-SECOND YEAR BEGINS OC-TORER IST. Jy 5-S04m

UNDERTABLE L. W. BILLUPS & SON.
TAKERS.

1506 EAST MAIN STREET (under St. Charles Hotel).
BURIAL-CASES, SHROUDS, and FUNERAL CONVEYANCES furnished at all hours. Telegraph orders attended to day or night.

WILLIAM H. SUTHBERLAND & SUNS, FUR.
NISHING UNDERTAKERS, 744 EAST
MAIN STREET, between Seventh and
Eighth, have a large assortment of
SHROUDS, WOOD and METALLIC CASKETS, at
low brices. low prices.
Country and telegraph orders promptly attended to day or night. ap 1-1w&cow

L. T. CHRISTIAN,
FURNISHING
NO. 1215 EAST BROAD STREET,
RICHMOND, VA.
Telephones | Office, No. 68,
Orders promptly executed. Prices mode
mate. L. T. CHRISTIAN,

CABBAGE AND LETTUCE SEED for fall sowing.
Reliable stock especially selected for MARKET GARDENERS.
HENRY W. WOOD, Seedsman.
corner Sixth and Marshall streets.

se 16-St Chairman of Faculty.

WILL RESUME HER
SCHOOL FOR BOYS AND GIRLS
on SEPFEMBER disrat her residence. 114
west Grace street.

RICHMOND FEMALE INSTITUTE,
CORNER TENTH AND MAUSHALL
STREETS.

MISS SALLEY B. HAMNER, PRINCIPAL Philosophy, and English Literature.

Miss L. T. THI RSTON (Graduate of Vassar College). German. Mathematics, and

d Italian. Mrs. MARY GENTRY-TUCKER, Plano. Miss MARY GESTRY THATP.
Miss ALLICIA H. LAIRIF [of Europe],
Drawing and Painting,
Miss W. L. THOMPSON Porcelain Painting
Decombine Art, and Kensington Work,
Miss S. P. HAMNER and Miss S. F.
WALKER, Home Department.

Punis not otherwise connected with the school received in School of Muste. It monthly musleases given. For extalogue or information apply at the OLD DOMINION BUSINESS

Eighteenth annual session will begin OC-TOHER IST. For particulars address au 30-1m GEORGE M. NICOL.

CLOVERDALE HIGH SCHOOL.

TAYLORSVILLE POST-OFFICE, COLONEL HILARY P. JONES, M. A., PRINCIPAL

NO. 3 EAST GRACE STREET JOHN H. POWELL, Principal; Mrs. T. G. PEYTON, Associate Principal